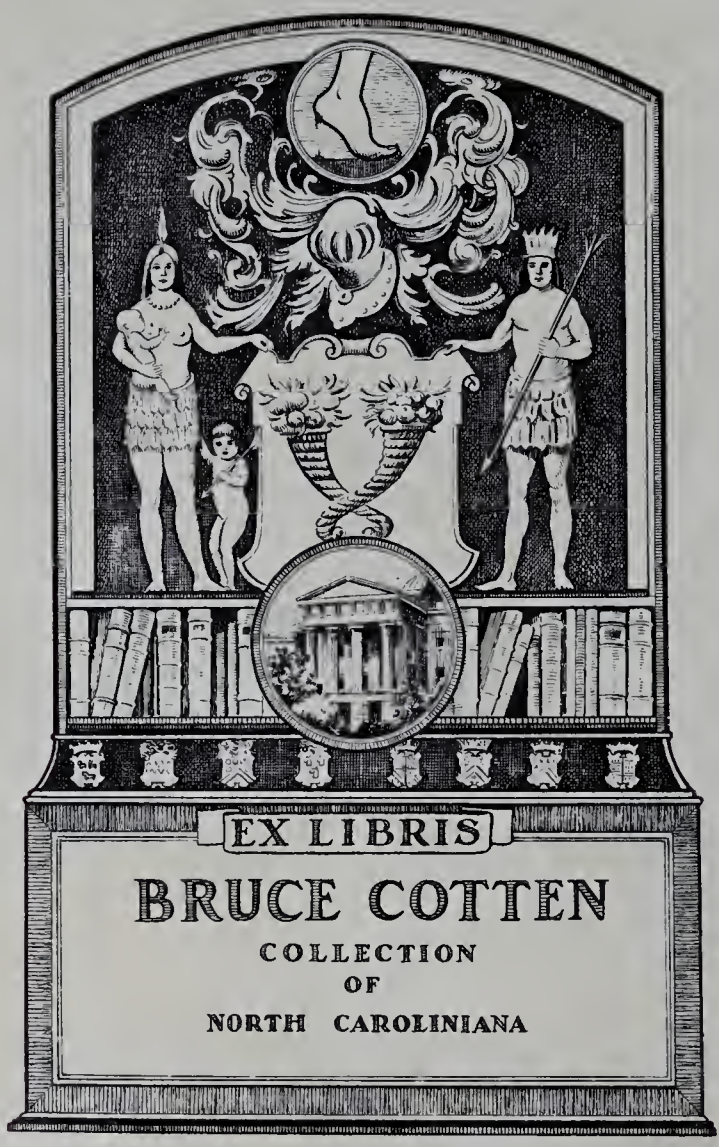
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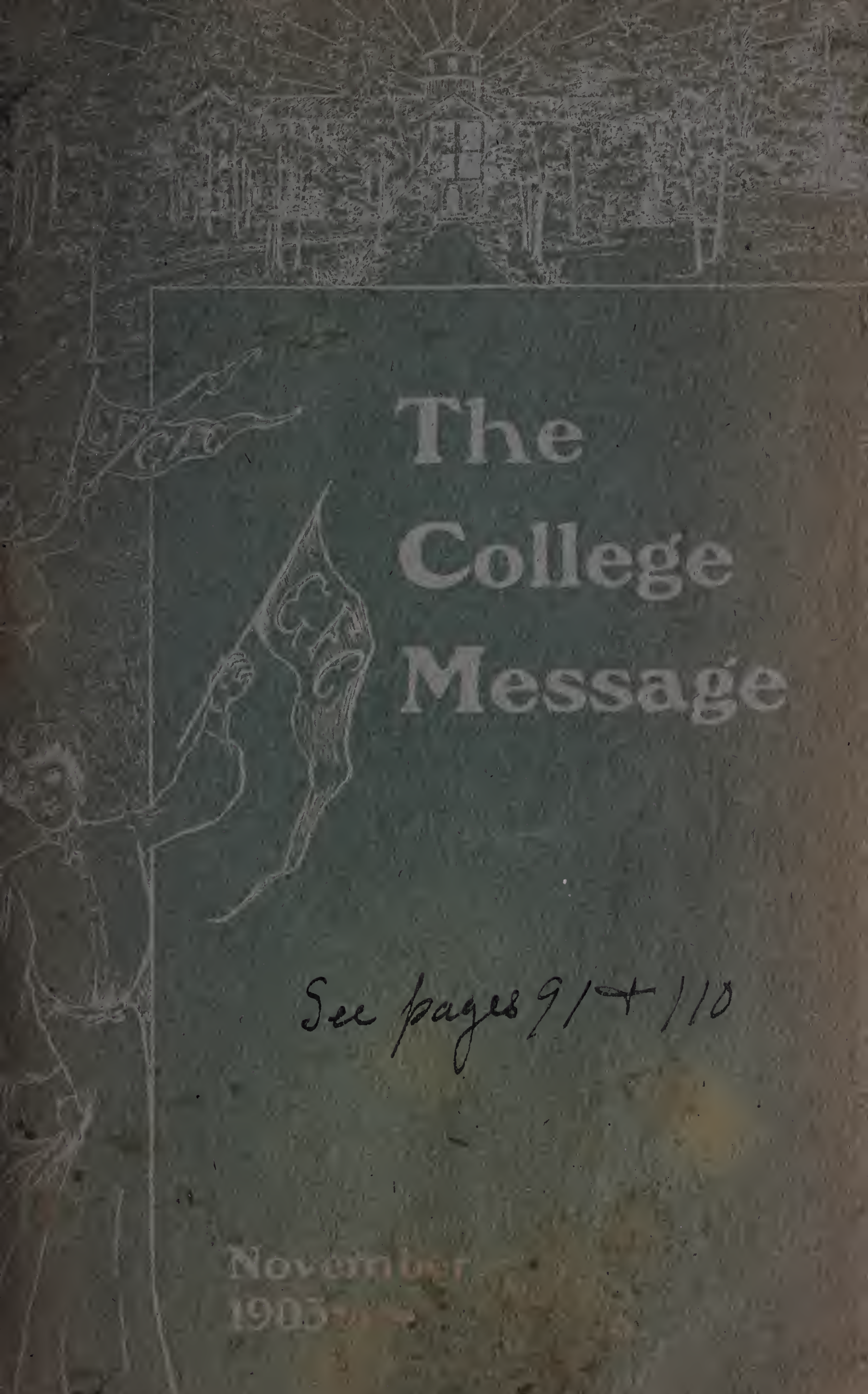

The College Message

See pages 9 + 110

November
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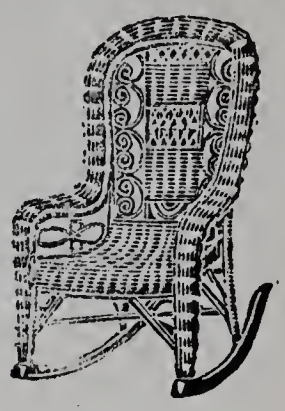

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THE COLLEGE MESSAGE.

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The Influence of the French Salon.

NELL CLENDENIN GLASCOCK.

THERE are some words which have a charm about them that never fades, an interest which never flags. To those who care for France, her literature, her history, the word salon has an irresistible fascination. It conjures up everything that is clever, charming, piquant, most characteristic of the women of France. The salon is essentially a French institution, no other nation ever produced it, no other society contains the elements for producing it. It is a centre where pleasant people are met and good conversation to be had. It may have—indeed it generally has—its particular tone and color, it may be literary, religious, political, artistic or philanthropic; but it remains always a place where intellectual nectar replaces material beverages. Little would a woman of society, in our own land, think of trusting to the wit of her guests for their entertainment; she, must serve "dainty refreshments" to help pass away the time, but it was not

so in the early days of France. Of the many striking facts concerning the salon, perhaps this is most notable: it is a place where people were not afraid to trust their wit. When we consider how much pleasure, amusement, even downright happiness is to be got out of talk the wonder is that so little is done towards cultivating it. Formerly, the French understood this and gave as much time and care to the cultivation of talk as to that of any other fine art. Their salons were schools where the art of conversation was taught, arenas where its adepts and pupils exercised themselves in the game. To say of a woman "Elle cause bien," was to pay her a far more delicate and flattering tribute than to praise her beauty or even her dress.

Paris is the birthplace and natural home of the salon. It is an empire which has been respected there ever since it was founded, in the seventeenth century, by Mme de Rambouillet, for the purification and perfecting of the French language. The salon was not in the least one of those places where people gather together a crowd of individuals unknown to each other, who never enter into communication and who are where they are momentarily. It is an intimate and periodical meeting of persons who for several years have been in the habit of frequenting the same house, who enjoy each other's society and who have some reason as they imagine, to be happy when they are brought in contact. The woman who receives should form a link between the various persons she invites, and this link binds the habituès more closely together. Every woman who had within her the power to do this might, under the most elastic restrictions, aspire to a sovereignty, at once elective, absolute and democratic. These women have sometimes been women not born in the "purple of society" or even promoted to it by marriage. It is characteristic of the supreme position conceded by the French

to mere personal charm and "esprit" in woman that even in the seventeenth century, in those relatively feudal ages before the Revolution had leveled the barriers between classes, a woman endowed with these qualities might throw down the high barricades of social prejudices, and reign triumphantly as "queen of the salon."

In our clubs of to-day we do not find men and women meeting on terms of exact social equality, nor did such a familiar association of the two sexes exist in France until sometime after the beginning of the seventeenth century. The civil wars, which had ravished the kingdom during the lattter part of the reign of Henry III, and the early part of that of Henry IV, were not conducive to the cultivation of refined manners, nor were the people, during the time of the war, afforded the leisure and freedom from anxiety which are indispensable to social intercourse.

In the year 1600 the king married an Italian princess, Marie de Medicis, through whom was introduced into France one of the two elements which deeply characterizes French society and literature in the seventeenth century. This Italian influence was felt in France much earlier, partly from a political cause, the marriage of Henry II to Cathrine de Medicis, and it was also due to the great intellectual movement, known as the Renaissance, which spread out over Europe during the early part of the sixteenth century. The continuance of this influence is not only due to Marie de Medicis, but also to the visit to Paris of the Italian poet, Marino, and the establishment there of a troupe of Italian comedians. Through Marino there was introduced into France that affected style of writing which in English literature is represented by Pope and Dryden, and is called Euphuism.

The second element in French society was the Spanish, and was chiefly due to the marriage of Louis XIII to Anne

of Austria, daughter of Phillip III, of Spain. As a result of the Spanish influence we find that the greatest product is Corneille's "Le Cid," and to the Italian influence is due the "Astree" of Honoré d'Urfé.

We find these two elements united in the social and literary circle which gathered in the most famous salon of France, Hotel de Rambouillet, which takes its name from one of the most illustrious families of France. In 1600, then not twelve years of age, Cathrine de Vivonne, a descendant of the noble house of Strozzi, was married to Charles d'Angennes, Vidame du Mans, afterwards Marquis de Rambouillet, himself, too, of an illustrious family.

Little did one think on Cathrine de Vivonne's wedding day that this child—for a child-wife indeed she was—with her "womanly seriousness, her proud spirit, and her rare genius," was to re-organize society in behalf of virtue and culture, and that she without even putting pen to paper, was to leave to France a name indelibly engraved in French literature.

Madame de Rambouillet was a born social leader; she it was who founded and was "queen of the salon" in the seventeenth century, during those splendid days when Hotel de Rambouillet was in its full glory, when poetry was thought to be "worth while," when conversation was an art, and it made a difference whether one talked well or ill: when the "Astree" was the most popular book in the whole world and when Corneille read his plays before they were played.

In addition to being well-born, talented, rich and beautiful, Madame de Rambouillet was good; this may be plain praise, but in an age when morals were corrupt it was indeed an extraordinary thing to be good and virtuous, and to influence those about you to be so. Such was the woman who started that great force which was to have so much to do with the life of France.

Her reunions at the Hotel de Rambouillet began about the year 1617, and to these receptions, which were open to all the friends and acquaintances of the Marquise, was brought together the choicest society of the capital; thus a profound influence on the manners and custom of the day was necessarially produced. The Marquise was not only a "woman of society" but she was carefully educated and fond of literature. The result was that at her reunions there was a happy combination of rank and letters. Most important of all was the position taken by the hostess and ladies who frequented her house. It was not until the seventeenth century that people relaxed their stringent ideas concerning the intellectual and social position of woman; hitherto there had prevailed the crudest beliefs as to how great the education of woman should be. Up to the time of Hotel de Rambouillet her education was of the narrowest kind, and adapted to the almost conventional seclusion of woman, which was characteristic of early Christian times and the middle ages. It was in the Hotel de Rambouillet that the intellectual companionship between man and woman was first recognized and forwarded. Here through the influence of Marquise de Rambouillet woman's position in society was greatly changed. She was recognized as the intellectual companion of man. And upon this intellectual equality of man and woman is founded those intimate Platonic friendships which were characteristic of society in the seventeenth century. These friendships have been judged by some to have degraded society, but such was not the case, they were formed by men and women of similar tastes, who saw in each other something that they felt would benefit and help them should a close friendship be formed. No thought of impurity entered their minds, but only a pure love for association with those whose tastes were congenial. At this time the salon must

be considered as a kind of benevolent institution, a refuge for homeless literary men, who as a rule had enjoyed few social privileges; and who after a long days brain work had no bright hearth to turn to for relaxation and companionship. Here for the first time were men of letters received in the best of society on equal terms with the aristocracy. The poet and great writer were attached to some royal or noble house, and were regarded rather as "domestics," than as men who had equal social rights with other men; but in the Hotel de Rombouillet he was no longer a part of the household equipment of a rich and powerful lord, but he was a man among men, (he was able to decide by what nobleman he would be patronized or whether he would be patronized at all).

As has been said the reunions at the Hotel de Rambouillet began about 1617 and extended until the Fronde, in 1648, or a few years later. There are three well defined periods in the life of this salon. The first is the period of formation which lasted from its opening until 1630. The habitués of the salon during this first period were mostly men of rank, and conspicuous among their number were the Duc de Guise, Duc de la Tremouille, Richelieu, then Bishop of Lucon and Chaudebonne, who had the honor of starting Voiture upon his career. Among the men of letters we find the poets Malherbe, Racan, Chaplain, and the notorious Marino, the grammarian Vaugelas, and a little later Voiture and Balzac. To best understand this period of the salon let us consider three men whose influence was felt so strongly at that time; they are d'Urfè, Malherbe and Balzac. Perhaps we can account only one of these as an actual member of the circle, for Balzac was seldom there and d'Urfé never.

D'Urfé was the author of "Astree," which at the beginning of the salon pushed forward to so great an extent the

Italian influence in France. It was a romance, written in the days when stories were continued not for months, but for years; indeed the readers of "Astree" were expected to wait with patience at least a quarter of a century for its completion. However long this story may have been its success was complete; it became the "code of polite society," and traces of its influence have been found in tragedies of Racine, the comedies of Marivaux, the romances of Provost and even in certain stories of George Sand. As the presentation of a complete and accurate picture of the contemporaries of Balzac and Voiture "Astree" is invaluable in that it reveals to so marked a degeee the history of polite society. In this romance the "shepherds and shepherdesses who tend their flock so gracefully" are no other than the people of high birth who wear the pastoral disguise for mere pleasure; and in their disguise that peace and rest, for which the world was beginning to yearn, is symbolized. Under these masks and costumes people were glad to recognize men and women of that day.

The services which Malherbe has rendered to French literature are rather of a restraining influence. They were on the side of finish, nobility of form and perfection in handling the materials of poetry. Having begun late, and having worked with such deliberation only a slender volume of Malherbe's verse has been left to us. However, his influence was far-reaching and in this "happy age of crumbling idols he is secure in his reputation as a seventeenth century classic."

Next to him should be placed the letter-writer and essayest, Balzac, who did for prose what Malherbe had done for poetry. His style is dignified, harmonious and periodic. In the little edition of "Les Aeuves diverses du Sieur de Balzac," published in 1658 will be found four discourses inscribed to the Marquise de Rambouillet. These letters

of Balzac are in part the outcome of the conversations which took place in the "blue-room" of the hotel; one is the continuation of a talk on "Conversation among the Romans," the third is on "Mecenas," and the fourth on "Glory." It is upon these letters that Roederer bases his argument for the high intellectual tones of Hotel de Rambouillet.

In the first period of this salon we find, as well as many famous men, some famous women, among whom were Mlle. du Paulet, the Princess de Montmorency, Mlle. du Vigeau; and the daughters of Marquise de Rambouillet, of whom, the eldest, Julie d'Angennes, until her marriage in 1645, to the Marquis de Montausier, was the soul of the re-unions. During this time youth, with all that youth implies, was very apparent there. It was emphatically a gay life. Everything was there which the world enjoys, and although there were grave arguments over the use of prepositions or the propriety of admitting a new word to the French language, there was music and dancing along with the arguments. In opposition to the gayety at Hotel de Rambouillet we have the Marquis de Montausier. His first appearance at the Hotel was in 1631, he immediately fell in love with Julie d'Angennes, and for thirteen years he was a suitor for her hand. We must not suppose, however, that Montausier spent these thirteen years in love-making, for he was of too heroic a build for that; he was a soldier, and his courting was "punctuated" with battles, wounds and imprisonments, but his one thought upon returning was to win the hand of Julie d'Angennes.

The second period of the Hotel, that of its greatest splendor and brilliancy, began in 1630 and continued until 1638. "The blue-room became a veritable sanctuary of taste, a school where the seventeenth century obtained its education." To those whose names have already been given

tion, "What's up?" we met the reply, "I don't know, I thought maybe, you could tell me." Now and then a girl would be met, who had a knowing smile, but to our enquiries of what was going to happen, these "wise ones" would simply reply—"Wait and see."

Finally our curiosity, we thought, was appeased when we went into supper and found at each plate a rosy cheeked apple painted by an artistic hand smiling elfishly at us as with a knowing wink, it bade us to a Hallowe'en party. These cards were decorated with symbolical pictures, suggestive of the night, some with Burns' "broomstick witches," others the proverbial "black cat"—while others had a cluster of the burry chestnuts, the boding owl—the horseshoe through which peeped a saucy witch, the burning candles—all testified that our teachers had been studying the "black art." At last our curiosity was satisfied—we had learned why every member of the facutly had been so hard to find during the preceding days. But no—our impatience was soon to have another test. Just as supper was over, our President told us that we were not invited until eight. My, could we wait another hour and a half? We thought we could not, but we did. We had great faith in our President and her faculty, but we never dreamed they had added magic to their other accomplishments. In a few minutes however, hours they seemed to us, the lower floor was made fitting for the occasion. Big bunches of unhusked corn nodded and rustled every where, red lights swung in hall and parlors, jack-o-lanterns made grim faces at us at every turn. Witches and the gypsy mingled with the crowd of expectant girls with anxious faces and occasioned glances toward the rotunda, where were placed the mystical tripod and the cauldron.

Miss May Smith furnished us with the explanations that were essential to the full enjoyment of the evening in a

bright and interesting sketch of the customs, etc., of Hallowe'en. This was followed by a recitation by Miss Elizabeth Mayo, who told us of the elves, pixies and sprites. And while our minds were filled with these things and we began somewhat uneasily, in the semi-darkness, to look over our shoulder, Miss Shattuck told us that the "goblins would get *us* if we didn't watch out." Finally, the audience grew quite and yielded itself to the charm of the witches' spell, which was not broken, but seemingly accented by the "mewing of the brinded cat." With staring eyes and bated breath, we watched and listened to the incantations of the witches as they threw their ingredients in the cauldron, and heard them gathering the powers from the realm of magic, as with slow and measured tread, they gave their song of enchantment.

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

As grewsome as they looked, they proved to be, not suggestive of evil—but only the announcers of Fate—without their usual lameful prophecies.

This was followed by fortunes told by the gypsy. Then came a series of announcements, every old time device for unveiling the mysterious future was brought to play. There were bobbing for apples, popping corn, roasting chestnuts, and of course palmistry was not forgotten.

Late in the evening refreshments were served. Was ever fruit salad more delicious? and even the old time New England house wife could not have excelled the pumpkin tarts. We cannot with the pen do justice to that supper, but at the time, we gave ample appreciation. After the repast, other fortunes were tried, until the hour for departure drew nigh. One and all united that never had they enjoyed an evening more, and by common consent the entertainment was voted a grand success, and Mrs. Robertson and her teachers the best faculty in the State.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

We are glad to report that the Y. W. C. A. is doing earnest work this year. The membership committee deserves especial praise. As the result of its faithful work, every girl in school, with only one exception, and every member of the faculty has connected themselves with this organization.

It is seldom that our Association has the honor of a visit from a National City Secretary, but we enjoyed a short visit from Miss Emma Hayes, of Chicago,sometime ago and hope to see her with us often.

During the past few weeks we have been fortunate in having several visitors who have been with us in our daily prayer-meetings. Talks by Mrs. Lucy A. Cunninggim and Mrs. Allie, of Greensboro, and Miss Lizzie Moore, a returned missionary from Japan, did us good. We were all more than glad to have with us, on several occasions, Rev. A. L. Franklin, of Danville, Va., and wish to express our gratitude for his work among us. Our sympathies, prayers and best wishes will ever be with them.

We appreciated the aid Mrs. F. E. Ross and Mrs. Cartland, of Greensboro, gave us in our attempt to organize a Y. W. C. T. U. in college. The results of the meeting held October 24th, were indeed encouraging. About twenty new names were added to the roll and bright is the outlook of the Union for the year. It is certainly a good sign when so many young women pledge their support to so noble a cause. We hope that not one of the girls, who took the pledge that evening, will ever regret the act, or will ever hesitate to stand firmly by this good work.

The missionary department of our Y. W. C. A. is one of the most thoroughly organized departments in the association. The first missionary meeting of the term was held in the college chapel, October — Miss Cornelia Clegg conducted the devotional exercises; Miss Page gave us some good reasons why we should believe in and contribute our support to the cause; Miss Martha Dozier presented the needs of a mission study circle. The class was organized that night, but owing to unavoidable delay, we have only recently begun work, with Miss Martha Dozier as leader. We know we shall gain both pleasure and profit from the study, and we would urge the fact that no intelligent young woman can afford to be ignorant of a subject, which holds a place of such importance and interest in the twentieth century. The next monthly meeting was held the first Sunday night in November, and how glad we were to have with us one who had labored in a foreign country for the cause of Christ, and who was thoroughly prepared to bring us a direct message from the field. Mr. Lee's talk was enjoyed by all who heard it and we heartily appreciate his kindness in coming to us.

A few more gleanings from Asheville. Sunday morning June 14th: Mr. Clayton of New York, Chairman of Bible Department Y. M. C. A. preached a forcible sermon on the Power of Human Sympathy, taking as his text, Mark 14:41. That Sabbath day was one of the most peaceful and happy of the whole twelve and it was certainly fitting that at its close, we should receive a message ot peace from Mr. Ira D. Landrill, of Marshall, Tennnessee: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you," the last message of Christ to his disciples.

Monday night, Mr. W. W. White, of the Moody Bible School gave the first of a very fine series of lessons on the book of Acts. Tuesday night Dr. Carter Jones, of Louis-

ville, Ky., spoke to us on the fully consecrated life. The main divisions of the address were (1) the devoted life; (2) the crucified life; (3) the risen life; (4) an endless life; "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Mr. Robert E. Speer preached on Friday night, but on Sunday night he made his missionary appeal. Is there one who heard that stirring call for laborers to go into the whitened harvest field, whose heart was not touched by it? The audience sat in breathless silence as the words came from his lips. Any one, who has ever heard Mr. Speer speak, who knows his command of the English language, or his power as a speaker, may have some conception of the impression made upon that large audience of Christian students that night. Many a young heart was led to make answer to the Lord of the Harvest, "I'll go where you want me to go." We do not think one soul could have gone away from that chapel without feeling her personal responsibility for the salvation of those who are

"Waiting in the world,
Sick and weary and defiled;
And the Savior's healing word,
They have never, never heard;
Even hungry and unfed
Left without the living Bread,
Waiting, waiting."

Perhaps many of you have since read that address, but in a written paper we miss the personal magnetism of the speaker. I think if each delegate had been asked what one thing impressed her more than anythtng else during the entire conference, nine out of every ten would have answered, Mr. Speer's appeal for missions.

Among the other speakers was Mr. O. E. Brown, who occupies the chair of Church History at Vanderbilt University. Christ as the personal friend and Savior was the theme of his discourse.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster talked to us one night of the convention on "Ideal Service;" just such a talk as Mrs. Sangster only, could make, impressing upon us the truth, that life is made up of the little things.

No doubt many of you have read the special conference numbers of the *Evangel*; if so, you have these addresses in full.

Monday night was the sweetest service of all. No one was allowed to attend except the delegates and leaders. It was the last meeting of the conference, and a feeling akin to both joy and sadness seemed to be felt by almost everyone. Many were the friendships that had been formed during the preceding days, and it was sad to think that so many would perhaps never meet again. Yet the predominant note was one of joy, for we felt that we had in truth learned to know Him better, and were anxious to return to our associations that we might try to use our influence in this work as we had never done before. We were fired with an enthusiasm to "attempt great things for God, and to expect great things from God." We think we have never witnessed a more impressive scene than the one presented at that little farewell meeting, as one after another of those girls told what the Asheville conference had meant to her and what she hoped it would mean in the future.

By noon the next day we were scattered all over the South, each girl carrying with her a determination to keep the impulses started there ever growing in her life.

The total attendance was 268. The colleges represented were 56; cities, 6. Georgia had the largest State delegation—and Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., had 14 representatives—the largest college delegation.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

After a long and happy vacation we again assume our place at the exchange table. On account of the absence of so many of our old friends, the omission of our exchanges in the previous publication of THE MESSAGE was unavoidable. To all our representatives we extend a cordial greeting and wish them much success in their future work.

We consider the *Messenger* among the most interesting of our exchanges for this month. This magazine abounds in poetry and essays and also contains some fiction. In the article, "America means opportunities," the writer goes into detail of the "ups and downs" of Professor Johnston and then portrays his final compensation and victory. The poem, "The Fete of the Fairries," is about the best. In this poem we are brought in touch with the beautiful in nature. "Vengeance Unmerited" is an exciting little story with something of the tragic element. "An Appreciation of Shelley" is one of the most praiseworth articles on the poet that we recall. The writer shows that he has a deep knowledge of the subject. Shelley's love of solitude is clearly brought forth. The editorial on the "Art of Elocution" is good. We hope those interested in this study will read it. The other departments are well edited.

The *Hampden-Sidney* opens with a morning prayer beautiful in thought. "An Athlete In Blue" is a creditable little story on a ball game between Harvard and Yale. The two essays "To Thine Own Self Be True" and "Character" both reveal practical thoughts of life and

morals. We feel as if we are transplanted into a somewhat different sphere—drawn apart from the rest of the magazine when reading, "The Proverbs To The Freshmen." We think of all the sources and plots from which subjects pertaining to the worldly may be drawn, it would be well not to take the Bible, the word which God has given us for our spiritual good, as a basis upon which to fashion such *proverbs*.

The leading article in the *Archive* is "Browning's Poems On Music." The writer first gives something of Browning's tendencies and early aspirations before taking up the subject of music. Several good points of his love for this art are put into detail and made more emphatic by reference or quotations from his poems. "A Poet's Wife" is an interesting little story, humorous and at the same time pathetic. "Early Libraries In North Carolina" is a fine article. It gives a clear insight into the early reading, and we might say, early culture of North Carolina. Its preparation throughout shows a result of careful research. The two poems in the magazine are lofty in thought and beautiful in metrical form. The editorials are unusually good and to the point. We heartily commend the editors for their zealous efforts in trying to raise their magazine to the standard that they would have it.

In the *Davidson Monthly*, we find an article on the "Deterioration of the Negro." This subject, though much discussed, ever bears an interest to the reader. The writer first deals with the degeneration of the negro since the emancipation. Then, naturally, the question of educating him is introduced. The fact is emphasized that an industrial education would be the best training for him, for as a result of this he would be led to realize the necessity of personal purity. "Requisites of American citizenship," is

written in a clear and comprehensive way. The writer possesses a fine ethical imagination. He considers the most important requisites—intelligence and integrity—which he discusses separately. As we read on, and at last come to the exchanges we find the criticisms a little too severe.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines for this month:

The Trinity Archive, *Wake Forest Student*, *Red and White*, *Clemson Chronicle*, *Messenger*, *Davidson Monthly*, *Hampden-Sidney*, *Smith College Monthly*, *Wofford College Journal*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Wabash Bernard Bulletin*, *the Normal and High School Gazette.*

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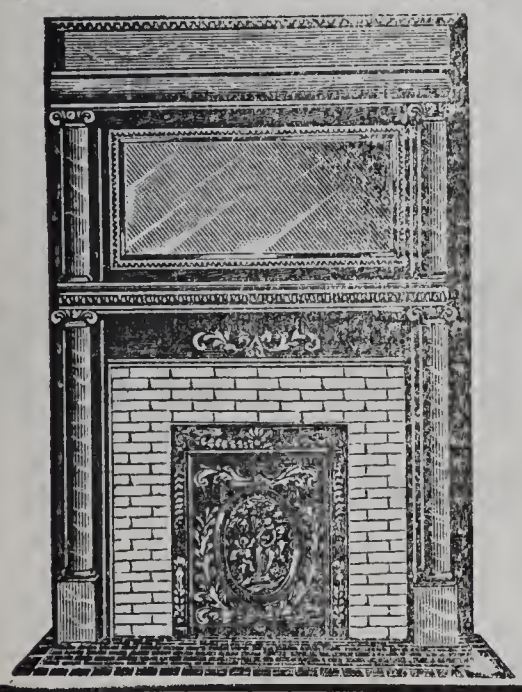

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must be added the Duc d'Enghien, Saint Evremond, La Rochefoncauld, Patru, the great orator, and the scholar Menage, celebrated then for his learning, and now because he was the instructor of Madame de Sévigué. Bossuet's first appearance in this circle was in 1643; the Abbé Cotin began to come about this time, unconscious that his claim to immorality would need to be based on the fact that he was satirized by Boileau and caricatured by Molière. In marked contrast with him Pierre Corneille might be mentioned, in whom Hotel de Rambouillet became interested enough to take his part in the terrible quarrel of Richelieu against "Le Cid."

With the third period of the Hotel de Rambouillet began its decline. There were many causes which brought about this decline; the marriage of Julie d'Angennes to the Marquis de Montausier, and the death of Voiture, 1648, produced many changes and the outbreak of the Fronde in the same year threw society into a state of confusion. At the time of the marriage of Julie, Marquise de Rambouillet had passed her fifty-seventh year, and although she was not then considered an old woman, the best years of her life had been spent. For thirty-five years she had presided over the most famous of all salons, and with such success that her name will be handed down through posterity as the originator and symbol of refinement and culture in the society of the seventeenth century.

We must not conclude that the Hotel de Rambouillet was the only salon during the seventeenth century, although it was the first and greatest, there were many other noted ones which came after it. Many famous women learned from the Marquise de Rambouillet the art of conducting a salon, and accordingly established salons of their own with more or less success. Two of the most noted women of this time who gained their knowledge from the

old school were Madame de La Fayette, and Madame de Sèvignè.

Although many of the women, who established salons of their own were gifted and of high social standing, and were able to preside with grace and intelligence, there were many others who were only imitators, in many instances they lacked even culture, and the best they could do was to travesty what they had not known even by experience but had heard of. A new word began to be heard and those to whom it was applied accepted it with complacency, without knowing, themselves, an accurate meaning of it. "Precieuse" was used with a meaning which may be placed, by those who applied it, anywhere between admiration or contempt. At the old salon, Hotel de Rambouillet, the circle was largely aristocratic, distinguished by fine blood as well as by fine breeding, even though the conversation was mostly of literature, it did not exclude other themes. "They talked of everything: of war, of religion, of politics," and because of this variation in their conversation the influence which emanated from them was far-reaching. On the other hand the salons of the Precieuses were wholly literary. They conversed in a manner so far-fetched that it ended like a meeting of a Browning society—no one of them could understand the other. They were perhaps most active over questions of grammar and rhetoric. New phrases and expressions were invented by them to their own supreme content and the eternal laughter and ridicule of out-siders. Such questions as to whether history should be preferred to romance or romance to history were discussed, and some argued that if husbands were suspicious their wives had the privilege to give them reason for suspicion. One may guess how ridiculously foolish such questions would appear to the Habituès of the Hotel de Rambouillet. Although the Precieuses have often been spoken of in relation to

many of those who gathered at Hotel de Rambouillet, and Moliére in his "Les Precieuses Ridicules" has been thought by many to have satirized the members which gathered at the old salon, Roederer, the historian, is careful to state that this satire was against only its imitators.

Thus we see that even towards the end of the seventeenth century the salon was not what it had once been, as far as its intellectual value is concerned, however, traces of its influence are found in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, but in the last years of this century the salon lost its great literary influence, politics, and no longer literature, was the question of the day, and one may judge accurately what occured on the great political stage of France by what was observable in those green-rooms and "coulisses" called the Parisian salons; and where more or less the actors of all parties were seen either rehearsing their parts or seeking after the performance was over the private echoes of the general public sentiment that burst forth before the light of the foot lamps. Shakespeare's declaration that "all the world's a stage" is nowhere so true as in the capital of France. There most truly may it have been said, "All men and women are merely players. They have their exits and their entrances and one man in his time plays many parts." Therefore a study of the drawing-rooms of Paris may be one of the surest ways of getting at the History of France at this time. With the Revolution social privileges, as they had once been, were entirely swept away; and, instead of a peaceful society, bitter class-hatreds were everywhere manifest. The ambition, which, during the Revolution, had been identified with the cares of office and dangers of strife now found sufficient food in the bickerings of party spirit, and revenged itself by salon jokes. From 1804, after the proclamation of the empire until 1848, after the fall of Louis

Philippe society was in a gradual but incessant course of subdivisions into separate cliques each more or less bitterly disposed toward the other—and in the salons we have represented types of these cliques into which society formed.

In France women have always exercised a certain empire upon politics as it existed in their time. The Revolution, with all those bloody orgies at which all Europe trembled and turned pale, had never wanted great men at any of its crises, but it had also its heroic and brilliant women. The old social regime, as it passed away, had its virgin martyrs, crowned with undying glory in the dungeon and on the scaffold. The Empire, too, had its feminine notabilities, although their influence was slight, while the Restoration shows us a few names of superior women, which represented the best aspect of its manners and its shades of opinion. These women may be represented by one in whom is united every element of brilliancy and self-devotion, polish and power. The salon of Madame de Stael, at Paris, is represented as the centre of a coterie of malcontents, of men disgusted with the old and new regimes alike —who could not bring their minds to the idea of a pure republic. Whatever may have been the confusion of her drawing-room—as of all drawing-rooms of that motley period—her manifest wishes were essentially in harmony with the movement of 1797. There is a great political sagacity, a grasp of the actual situation in the counsels she offered. Napoleon saw this and he also saw in her a formidable opponent. The influence which Mme. de Stael's salon produced immediately stirred up a striking discord which prevailed between the followers of Napoleon and those who opposed him. This conflict of ideas produced so great an effect on France that Napoleon at once banished her from France, and for many years she lived the life of an exile. How she longed for Paris!

(Once when an order came forbidding her to come within forty leagues of Paris, she could bear her exile no longer, but secretly stole within the limits, her return was found out and again was she banished with orders more strict than before.) Yet during these years of exile she was never idle; with her pen she expressed the opinions she could not say at home, but when forced to keep silent on those she turned, for awhile, to other subjects. Banished from Napoleon's court, she was cordially welcomed into the inner circles of literary, artistic and philosophical life elsewhere. She interprets Germany to France; "L'Allemague," one of her best works, is an "aqua regia holding in solution the golden thoughts of the German romanticists."

By her "Considerations on the French Revolution," which was published after her death, a direct intellectual influence was exercised over the young, liberal, philosophical clique. The political party, which, so to speak emanated from her, and to which she would have adhered had she lived, missed in more than one instance, the genial, conciliatory, irresistable influence which she exercised.

However great the Salon may have once been in its social, literary and political influence in France, it is no longer the great empire it once was.

In making way for the club which multiplies so rapidly, every day it has lost its own great individuality and to-day can no longer be recognized even in Paris.

The Surrender of Colonel Redfern.

BLACK clouds scudded from the west toward the zenith. Over against them, almost lost in the denseness, a daring buzzard sailed serenely along, a tiny speck in the distance. Birds, warned of the approach of a storm, flew swiftly homeward, crying as they passed quickly by. A still sultriness pervaded the air, broken only by peals of thunder. Then far away, seemingly, a roar was heard which came nearer and nearer, the leaves hanging motionless upon the limbs, began to shiver and rustle, softly at first, then louder and louder as the incoming wind smote them and tossed and strained them with its violence.

It was not until Tom had warned him that the Colonel was aware of the coming of the storm, so absorbed was he in thought as he rode along, but, when he knew, he put spurs to his horse and went swiftly towards Woodlands, Tom following as best he could. Before them they heard the swift, sharp click of horse hoofs, but it was not until they had left the forest with it's danger of falling limbs behind and emerged into the open of the cornlands that they were able to see the rider. It was a woman who was evidently trying like themselves to escape the rain, but who sat her horse erect and unfrightened, tho' the wind had increased in violence and the thunder pealed louder and nearer.

Tom saw her first and recognized her but the Colonel, ever absent-minded and thinking his own thoughts, was not aware of her presence till they reached the big gate. Big drops of rain had begun to fall and Woodlands, solitary and stately among its trees, seemed a welcome shelter from the shower. With a little sigh of relief that it was so near,

the Colonel turned into the gate that Tom had dismounted to open when he found himself side by side with a young woman he had never seen before. He started a little but surprise did not deprive him of that old fashioned courtesy that was a part of him and he raised his hat with an elaborate bow. The girl inclined her head slightly in return, then raised her face skyward as if to see what hope there might be of dispersing clouds—a great rain-drop spattered on her pink cheek and rolled off at her chin—another one followed and another, clearly there was no escaping a wetting.

The Colonel drew up his own horse abruptly. "Madame," he said, "I fear you will be wet. Could I not prevail on you to shelter yourself in my home yonder?"

He was on the ground in a moment and stood, hat in hand, waiting her reply. The girl looked again at the clouds, at Woodlands, white among the trees, and then down at the Colonel, the wind blowing his white hair across his face, the rain falling unheeded on his bare head—something very like mistfulness came into her gray eyes as she looked down at him. "Do you know who I am?" she asked leaning slightly from her saddle—her hand on the horse's sleek side. The Colonel looked up into the bright eyes and the face—it was a fair face and the Colonel had ever borne a reputation for gallantry.

"It matters little, madame," he replied, "I shall feel only honored if you will accept my invitation."

"I am Jean Seymour," the girl said, looking fixedly at the old man, a little proud lifting of her head accompanying her word.

The Colonel bowed again, a little more stiffly than before, perhaps.

"I ask, nay insist, Miss Seymour," he said, "that you

honor my house with your presence 'till the rain is passed."

The girl hesitated one moment, but the increasing force of the rain was argument more potent than the Colonel's words, and she turned her horse toward the gate.

In a few moments they were safe in the shelter of the veranda while outside the rain swept by, blown into impenetrable sheets by the wind. The Colonel shivered in the damp air; rheumatism loomed, spectre-like, in the distance, but the girl laughed and drew in her breath.

"Wasn't it glorious?" she panted.

The Colonel looked at her in dismay. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed and her hair hung in crisp wet little curls to her forehead; but from the top of her riding hat to the bottom of her blue habit the young woman was dripping wet. In his day ladies had not considered a thorough drenching any cause for rejoicing—and the Colonel did not understand. Clearly the modern girl was beyond him.

"I fear you are wet," he said politely.

"There seems to be no doubt of it," the girl replied, surveying her dripping garments with an indifference that exasperated the Colonel.

"But, madam, you will take cold," he expostulated.

"Ah, I never had a cold," she smiled. "I do not think I will have one now. Comfort, tho', if not prudence, would suggest that I get rid of these wet clothes."

The Colonel looked at the pouring rain and back at Miss Seymour in great perplexity.

"I am afraid I have very little in that line to accommodate you," he said. Perhaps as you know, our household comprises no ladies, but there are here some old fashioned things that Tom might find of which you could make use for awhile till your own gown is dry. There seems to be

little promise of the rain stopping just yet. Shall I send Tom for some dry garments for you, Miss Seymour?"

"If you please," said Miss Seymour, simply.

* * * * * *

Half an hour later the Colonel, among the books in his library, had forgotten that his roof sheltered other than its usual occupants. At his elbow one candle—for the Colonel was old fashioned and eschewed lamps—gleamed like a star in the darkness of the great high room and lit up the pages of the book over which the Colonel bent, oblivious to all else beside. A door opened softly, but the Colonel did not hear. A light foot-fall sounded on the floor, a rustle of skirts was heard, a faint sweet odor floated across the room. It was the odor that roused the Colonel. He looked up suddenly in bewilderment, then rose to his feet.

Was it a vision—a troubled ghost from the long gone weary years of the Colonel's past that came to him from the darkness there? He put his hand to his eyes. That perfume of jasmine! It was in moon-lit gardens where flowers grew and bloomed that he had inhaled that fragrance, long, long ago, when he had been young and sorrow had not whitened his hair and given his life burdens greater than he could bear. Stephen's mother, it was she who had pinned the starry jasmine in the blackness of her hair on the night when she had given herself to him—perhaps she had come to him now to comfort. He held out his hands yearningly.

"Do I startle you?" asked a clear voice.

The Colonel's hands dropped to his side; he was erect once more, and stately and courteous.

"I admit that you did, slightly," he said, as he pulled up a chair for her. "It is long since this old room has known a lady's presence."

The girl smiled—she was very beautiful and like some dainty old picture of the ladies of the Colonel's youth. For the first time in months the old man smiled—smiled across the candle light into the face turned to his; and all the while he was thinking of the time when Stephen had stood in that same place and with a look of determination on his pale young face had given up home and father and patrimony, rich in memories, if nought else, for the sake of the girl, who was looking back at him across the candle-light—a girl who wore Stephen's mother's dress with her hair combed low and a spray of jasmine white against it, as Stephen's mother had done in the days when she had walked by his side, an angel on earth as she was now in heaven; a girl who had not only bewitched Stephen but was in a fair way to bewitch the Colonel himself—the Colonel, who for years had shut himself from the world. He turned from her, his hand trembling as he laid it on the back of his chair, and was ashamed that nought but a girl should so stir him to feelings long dead. And perhaps the girl knew, for her eyes were large and bright as if tears gleamed there unshed, and tho' she held her head high and talked very merrily, there was a little tremor in her voice which, had the Colonel not been a man and unobserving, he might have noticed. And when supper was announced by Tom, in his most pompous manner and the Colonel had offered her his arm, very gallantly, and led her out to the dining room—a great paneled old room with ponderous furniture and the silver left thro' the changing years set bravely forth on the old clawfooted table and they had sat down to the supper, the preparation of which taxed all of Tom's ingenuity, she talked more sweetly and laughed more merrily still.

And the Colonel listened gravely and once smiled and was as attentive to her wants as ever he had been to

fair lady in the days when his table had groaned beneath the produce of his plantation—and up and down each side had sat the first of the land, with a multitude to do their bidding, where now was only Tom.

As for Tom, arrayed in a very frayed but long tailed coat with an equally aged white collar, he outdid himself, and felt repaid when the gray eyes looked at him smiling—and their owner praised the chicken he had broiled with his own hand or the coffee he had learned to make when he followed the Colonel to the war.

After that the evening passed quickly enough in the library where the girl in one of the big chairs listened to the Colonel as he told her of life before the war had brought devastation and ruin to the South, spoke of the years of bloodshed, and sadness that followed, and denounced in glowing terms the Yankees who had wrought the change who as long as life should last, he would hate with an ever unceasing hatred and bitterness. It was the one subject on which the Colonel was eloquent. The one theme over which his proud reserve broke down—and as he sat there, a part of the old South in its stateliness and gracious pride, the girl who listened to him could but feel sympathy for him and a land that was hers only by adoption, a sort of anger for whatever part ancestors of hers might have taken in its fury. In the corner, a tall, noisy clock whirred and clicked and ticked off the hours, and at the stroke of ten, Tom appeared with a candle to show Miss Seymour to her room.

The Colonel rose as the girl prepared to leave the room —and stood with his hands on the open door till she should pass out. Outside the candle Tom held spluttered and flared throwing shadows and gleams of light fitfully on the once highly polished walls and ceiling. They were dim now and unshining—here and there a spider had spun a white web.

"See," exclaimed the Colonel, "you have only to look at this house to know the truth of what I have told you—once this was the well-kept house of a gentleman—now it is old and ruined and bears the mark of poverty everywhere. This is only the time worn remnant of better days." His gesture included the dim hall, the book littered library, himself white and grim and Tom grown gray in his service. "Go out and look on my fields, grass-grown and uncultivated. Oh, madame, it is a grievous thing for which your countrymen must answer." "But this is still a lovely place," said the girl. "So old and stately and grand! How you must love it." The Colonel in face of her smiling was ashamed of his out-burst. "It would be but a natural sentiment I suppose and I am truly fond of it. Tom does the best he can, but it is sadly neglected. It needs, I think, a woman's hand, a woman's taste to keep it as it should be kept. I had hoped that some day perhaps it might be different, that in spite of poverty, Stephen's wife —but now," he sighed, "I have grown used to shattered hopes."

"Colonel Redfern," the old man looked up startled at the sound of her voice—all its merriness and gentleness was gone. "Colonel Redfern, I trust you will give yourself no uneasiness—I shall be no impediment to your hopes, I assure you." "You mean—

"I mean that the North is as proud as the South. I will never marry your son without your consent. Good night, Colonel Redfern."

Long after she had swept up stairs, erect, haughty as a queen, the soft draperies of his wife's dress trailing behind her, the jasmine white against her dark hair, the Colonel stood there with his hand on the door, straight and stately as one of the huge backed chairs against the paneled wall, looking after her.

* * * * * *

"Marse Jown," said Tom when he went up to assist his master to retire as he had done ever since "ole marse," sixty years before had given him to the Colonel—then a boy—for a possession. "Marse Jown, aint you done lived long ernuff ter see de fertility ob tryin' ter meddle wid 'fairs ob de heart? Can't you see you is er makin' fokes mizble case dis heah young lady's proginators done happen ter land way up Norf, somers 'stead er heah. 'Taint right Marse Jown, an' I'se sprized at yer, an' yer needn't be countin' on Marse Stephen gibben ober dis fection. You *knows* he haint, Marse Jown, you *knows* he haint. De Redfrens aint dat kine. Didn't you tell me onc't de fus' time you seed Miss C'leste as we rid home—you sed, you did—'Tom I'm gwinter hab er die—an' hain't gwine to hab nobody else, I'll be darned if I do,' an' you never, an' Marse Stephen, he gwine ter marry Miss Jean Seymour or nobody, 'zactly lack you—and I tell yer, Marse Jown, it gwine ter be nobody, cause she ain't gwine ter hev um lessen you say so, an' I doan blame er, I jes glo'i'es in er 'termination an' you does too, Marse Jown, you know you does, but you hain't sayin' hit."

"Thomas," said the Colonel sternly, "I will be greatly obliged if you will attend to your own business."

"Bizness! Marse Jown, Bizness! Ez ef Marse Stephen hain't any bizness an' hain't hav' sence he wuz knee high ter a duck. Miss C'leste when she lay up stairs yonder dyin' sed, she did, 'Tom take good keer ob my little boy'—an' I'se put nigh raised him, you know I is, Marse Jown."

"Good night, Thomas," said the Colonel in a polite tone of dismisal while Tom did not dare disobey. But when the old darkey had reached the door, the Colonel looked up to ask—

"How did it happen that Miss Seymour wore your Mistress's favorite flower tonight?" Tom paused and

scratched his head meditatively before replying. "Well I done got hit fur 'er," he said at last, "out ob dat arbor in Miss C'leste's guarden—you see, Marse Jown, I had sort ob er hankerin' to see somebody weah dat flower in day haih. I lacks de looks ob hit mightly, good-night, Marse Jown."

All thro' that night the rain pattered down on the roof without cessation and in his troubled dreams the Colonel was vaguely conscious that it was now Stephens' little feet pattering thro' the house, now the light foot falls of a girl with jasmine in her hair—and in Stephen's mother's room, Jean Seymour sobbed herself to sleep between the lavender scented sheets that long ago for her bridal, Miss Celeste had made with her own fair hands.

And so for the first time the Colonel saw the girl who had severed Stephen from him who had helped to bring desolation into his life. When he saw her again it was under quite different circumstances.

Summer had passed and autumn had came with the scarlet and golden leaves and mild, sweet days, and later great rains that swelled the streams to floods, and when the rains had ceased somewhat there came the news of Stephen's sickness. Tom brought the yellow envelope to the Colonel in the library and he turned gray with pain when he had read the message it contained. "Bring the carriage to the door immediately Thomas," he said quite calmly tho' the hand that held the paper trembled.

Tom obeyed and when the Colonel came to the door he knew why the command was given. It had been long years since the Colonel had used the carriage. "Thomas," he said as he stepped in, "Miss Celeste's boy is in Weston, ill, dying. I have only one hope, one wish more in this world, to see him alive. Let us do it if we can."

"De Lawd heppin us we will, Marse Jown," said Tom reverently and the ride began.

Perhaps the Colonel knew little of it, he was conscious of only one thing that the boy his wife had left to his care was dying among strangers. But Tom knew and he told afterwards of how at his master's command, he lashed the horses till they raced down the road like mad, the carriage dragged after them like a toy, straining and creaking in every joint, it was a stout old coach that had been the Colonel's father's; told of how they took the gullies that yawned, rain-washed, across the road and sped over rocks that lay bare where soil had been, of how the Colonel shouted "faster; faster!" when it seemed that the horses must fall in the rapidity of their course; so wild was he for one sight more of the boy with his wife's eyes; of mud that splashed and spattered and pebbles that flew hither and thither recklessly; of the Colonel beaten and tossed and bruised against the sides of the vehicle as they raced headlong, with the speed of a whirlwind through forest and coon-lands and thence to the river road.

Even at a distance the roar of the river came to them, sullen, hoarse. Here and there thro' the trees they could see it gleaming yellow as it raced seaward, swollen till its waters had left their own realms and scattered to the adjacent meadows and corn lands. At the very brink the horses stopped, foaming, panting.

"Why do you stop?" asked the Colonel, impatient of delay. Tom pointed to the flood of muddy water foaming by.

"Lowd, Marse Jown," he said "you sholy aint gwine ter temp Probidence by tryin' ter git ober dis ribber. Even in de bes' curcumstances we couldn't do hit an' wid dese horses we can't no neden' er han't—"

"Can't?" asked the Colonel, "we will."

"Now, Marse Jown —"

"We are going to cross this river, Thomas. Drive on."

"To go by tother road, aint fur outen our way. Let's go by hit Marse Jown."

"We have no time to lose Thomas." The Colonel's face was white and set as he looked out the window. "Stephen is dying. Have you no love for him that you hesitate? Is it possible you are a coward?"

"Oh, Marse Jown, Marse Jown, taint fur myself I keer. But I jes caint take you cross dis heah ribber arter I done promise Mis C'leste I gwine ter look out fur you an' Marse Steben, I jes caint, Marse Jown, I caint."

The carriage door opend and the Colonel stepped to the ground. Grief crazed, he seized the whip and held it threateningly over Tom's gray bent head. In his agony he may have forgotten that he had no right to do so, he may have forgotten that it was Tom whom he threatened. He thought only of Stephen, dead among strangers, perhaps.

"Are you going to obey?" he asked.

Tom looked at the wrinkled, worn, sorrowing face sadly.

"Get back in, Marse Jown," he said. "I'm goin' ter mine yer, but dis heah's gwine ter be de crossin ob de Jowdin fur you an' me both, Marse Jown, an' I wisht you'd gimme er leetle time ter say my pra'rers. I'se er mizble sinner an' I wants ter ax de Lawd Jesus ter wash me whitern snow for' I gets up yonder."

From the first it was a hopeless struggle. So swift and so strong was the current that it lifted the horses, tired and weak, and carried them swiftly down the stream. The Colonel saw the danger at once, and his first thought was not for himself.

"Tom," he called, "climb to the top of the carriage. It may swim, and you may perhaps get out in safety."

As for him, there was no help, and he waited death bravely. The water bore down on the doors and held them shut with an irresistible force while it crept in slowly but

surely at all cracks and openings. First it covered his feet, then rose to his knees.

"Tom," he called again, "if you do get out, tell Stephen my last thought was of him and his mother."

Then, as the water came higher—

"Good-bye, Tom, forgive me for bringing you to this—forgive me for any harshness towards you. You have been faithful and true. Good-bye."

Tom's voice was a wail of agony as he said:

"Oh! Marse Jown, Marse Jown, I can't tell you good-bye. I'se gwine, too, if you is. Don't say good-bye, Marse Jown. Day ain't gwine ter be no sich word twixt you an' me."

But the water had come up higher and the Colonel did not reply. Stately and dignified still, he waited death without fear. On the outside Tom lifted his voice and sang in the weird, monotonous way of his race, and above the swirling waters his voice hoarse and cracked, came to the Colonel, viewing death's approach within—

"On Jaw-din's stormy bank I stan'
An' cas' er wistful eye,
Ter Cayan' fair an' happy lan,
Whur my possessions——lie."

The Colonel bowed his head.

"Father," he murmured, "bring me safely and in peace to my possessions in Thy house," and on his face was a kind of glory that was not of earth.

When he raised his head again he saw the girl for the second time. She stood on the shore, her riding whip in one hand, her horse at her side and her long black habit falling to the ground. Was she some evil genius that came to the Redfern race with disaster, or was she—"

She lifted her head and put her hand to her mouth to speak. Across the waters came a call in her strong young

voice, distinct and clear as a bell, "Pull to the right, Tom; pull—to—the right. The old ford is there—and—safety."

And Tom, firmly believing that it was an angel from the other shore that spoke, gathered up the lines and obeyed.

* * * * * *

"Madame," the Colonel was standing in Jean Seymour's parlor on the first day he was allowed to ride out with Tom following him as of yore. Spring had come again and with it health had returned to the Colonel. "Madame, I have hastened to you first of all with an apology. In your presence once I deplored the devastation your countrymen had brought to us. I expressed myself with bitterness concerning it. In my deep feeling on the subject I said things that might have been left unsaid. I was guilty, madame, of something approaching rudeness to a lady. I trust you will forgive me and let us be friends."

He held out his hand, thin and bony from sickness—Jean put her own plump one into it.

"Madame," the old man went on, "I am learning wisdom. The South cannot stand without the North, nor the North without the South. The day will soon come when they will be joined in lasting friendship, and for true greatness this must be, they must be united." He held her hand in his own closely. "Miss Seymour, looking steadily at the blushing face, "my son comes home tomorrow. If I send him to you tomorrow evening will you act on these principles, you saw the desolation of our homes, you know how it came—can you, would you repair it?"

The girl turned her face to the window for a moment. The warm spring sunshine came in there and a breeze that played with the little curls on her forehead. Her gray eyes shone like stars as she looked up into the proud old face.

"I am not without patriotism, Colonel Redfern,,' she replied. "I shall always take pleasure in doing all that I can for my country. If it has failed in anything, it is but my duty to make up for that failure."

And then the Colonel did what he had not done since he had rained passionate kisses on Miss Celeste's cold face as she lay still in her coffin—he kissed a woman.

It was almost sundown when they rode home, the Colonel and Tom. From the far off fields came the sound of negroes singing as they finished their day's tasks, the shadows grew long toward the east and in the budding trees robins were twittering. In the distance Woodlands lay among the trees, stately and beautiful. The Colonel looked down at it smiling.

"It will not be long without a mistress; Tom," he said.

"Lowd, Marse Jown, sholy you—"

"Thomas," said the Colonel sternly.

"Den hits Marse Steben, Glory ter God! An' Mis C'leste, I know she's singin' de triumph song. I knowed dat jossemine wuz gwine to do hit and I'se 'sponsible fur dis. I'se put nigh raised dat boy enny how."

The Times of Chaucer.

EMMA FRY.

CHAUCER'S life spans more than the latter half of the 14th century, from the most glorious epoch of Edward III's reign to the downfall of his unfortunate successor, Richard II, and the accession of Henry, IV.

As we follow the history of its wars and civil dissensions, it seems a degenerate age, a period of waste and decay; if,

however, we study the movements that agitated the lower ranks of society, we find symptoms of growing power. "The England of this period was but a little land; but in Edward III's reign, there stirred in this little body a mighty heart."

Early in his reign, Edward attempted to conquor Scotland, but failed. A little later, at the death of King Charles IV. of France, he laid claim to the French crown, and, as the courts decided that France should be ruled by a French king, he at once prepared to force his claim by arms. Thus, in 1337, began the great war which, although there were several truces, spread over a period of one hundred years. This war had a great effect upon the political welfare of the country; for, in order to carry it on, the king had to apply constantly to Parliament for money. Each time that body granted a supply, they insisted on some reform which increased their strength and brought the Crown more and more under the influence of the nation. Socially, too, it effected the country, serving to melt all feeling of jealousy among the English people and unite them in patriotic pride and the national love of glory.

Another great influence which bore deeply on the social condition of England at this period, was the effect of the frightful pestilence, which broke out in London and swept over the country, destroying about half the population, the result being to change the character of English classes in all future time. The greatest part of the villein-class had become practically free at the time of the plague. When labor became scarce, the lords attempted to bring back the old state of villeinage, but without success.

About this time another class also, began to rise in influence. With the introduction of Flemish weavers and dyers, perhaps the greatest service which Edward rendered his country, a great change began and England rapidly

grew into the great manufacturing country which was later to rival Flanders itself and this was the beginning of the great commercial career of the English nation.

The power of the merchants, also, grew; yet not only was high political and social rank reached by individual merchant princes, but the government of the country came to be perceptibly influenced by the class from which they sprang. "The middle class was learning to hold up its head, collectively and individually."

At this period a new discontent with things in state and church was spreading in the minds of the English people. The plague had shaken the old habits; heavy taxes were weighing the country down; its commerce was being harassed by pirates at sea; the king was in his dotage and his reign, which had begun so successfully, ended in failure and disappointment. Politically the kingdom was in an evil plight. The state of the church was even worse. The English clergy, holding lands that equalled half the kingdom, were demoralized by the enormous wealth they controlled. All who were too indolent to work sought retreat in some monastery, until they became overrun with these drones. The general discontent found many voices; but two were heard above the rest and stirred a great movement of revolt and reform. One was that of John Wycliffe, one of the leaders of Christian protest against worldliness in the church. Wycliffe sought to institute in the place of these worldly monks, an order of "poor priests," pious men who went among the people as the monks had formerly done, preaching and doing good.

The other voice was that of William Langland, who wrote the remarkable allegorical poem, "The Vision of Piers Plowman," idealizing and exalting the humble life of honest works and simple ways.

The religious movement which Wycliffe started was

deeply felt and his translation of the Bible for the poorer classes in their own tongue made his influence lasting. "The religious instinct was deepened and a purer faith rejected the authority of a degenerate church."

His teaching, also, was connected with the peasant revolt in the early part of Richard I's reign, as his reforms had given an early birth to extreme democratic ideas.

In the realm of thought as well as that of politics and religion, the influence of the people began to make itself felt. Thought was quickened and ennobled; men sought to perpetuate ideas in books, and a national literature was born. The fourteenth century witnessed the final triumph of the English language. Before Chaucer's time, English was a language of dialects. He wrote in the Midland dialect and aided in making that the language of England. It was only a man of genius who could lift up one of these dialects into pre-eminence, and this was the work which Chaucer did by creating a literature which was admired and studied by all who could read, and taken as a model by all who could write. After this English was used in the schools, in Parliament, and in the courts of law; but the most important literary fact of this period is that when England produced a poet of the highest poetical genius, he found this native language not only fit for his song, but so far respected in educated circles that he could bring it into use. Heretofore, French had been the literary language, but now the language of England had become the language of its literature, and this through the influence of him who may justly be called "the morning star of song." In him the effect of Norman blood makes itself felt by a lightness and grace foreign to the Saxon genius; but he possesses a simplicity and sincerity which is wholly English, and these with the strong influences of the age combined to produce one of the greatest poets England has ever known.

The Legend of the Wild Azalea.

SALLIE SOUTHALL COTTEN.

THE flora of Eastern North Carolina is justly celebrated both for beauty and variety. In early spring the woods of that section are bright with flowering plants and vines, while the air is laden with perfume from an abundance of blooming wild flowers.

Among them is a stubby, green shrub, known locally as "Honeysuckle," but which is in reality a native wild azalea. The flowers are delicate and graceful, colored pink and white, as artistically blended as in a seashell, and having the same long, feathery pistils which are so ornamental in the hot-house azaleas. The plants grow in wild profusion, in some sections literally covering the earth, and present a scene of rare beauty which would bewilder an alien florist. The flowers contain a sweet juice, pleasant to the taste, and the children in the rural districts pluck them, and with their lips "suck" this so-called "honey," which custom no doubt led to the misnomer "honeysuckle," which is familiar to all the residents of Eastern Carolina. However, the "honey" is really there, or a saccharine secretion which may be so called, and the children really "suck" it from the flower cups, so custom asserts its might, and the term "Honeysuckle" has been accepted as the name of this wild azalea.

After the flowers fade, the small, green bushes bear great quantities of semi-transparent, opaline, greenish-white fruit, of irregular and varied sizes and shapes. Some are round and smooth, others ovoid, while others are larger and somewhat flattened and have their sides covered with smaller excrescences, with similar irregularities, but all semi-transparent and juicy, and all covered with the thin,

opaline skin which is attractive in appearance and covers a harmless succulence, which is in truth largely water.

At the proper season, it is a favorite pastime among the children to "go honeysuckling," and they eat the fruit with evident relish, although there is but little distinct flavor. Local tradition declares they are edible, and the children accept the tradition with faith and do eat them. Sometimes the local housewives supply the lack of flavor, by immersing them in vinegar for a day or two, and serving as "pickles," in which guise they are quite palatable. These facts are all well known, but the distinguishing peculiarity about the plant's life which is not so well known, is that although so generously endowed by nature with honey in a crude form, yet *the bees never touched it.* No matter how scarce other blossoms may be; no matter how great the dearth of food; the store of honey in the delicate cups of the wild azalea remains unmolested by the bees. This is explained by an old legend which states that in the beginning, when the earth was newly green, and man had been given dominion, and a day of rest ordered, that the command to keep holy the Sabbath Day applied to plants and animals as well as to man. All went well on the young earth until the wild azaleas bloomed and the store of honey ripened in their pink and white cups. The bees, responsive to their industrious instincts, worked indefatigably in an effort to gather *all* the honey secreted by the azalea, but in vain—the honey grew no less in the pink and white cups. So when the Sabbath Day dawned, the bees held a solemn conclave in the depths of the forest to decide what they should do in this conflict of duties.

If they rested a day, the honey in the azalea cups would accumulate, and the reputation of bees for tireless industry would suffer because of this excess. Then too the store of

honey laid by for future use would not be as large as it would be if they continued to gather it every day—the universal, instinctive greed moving the bees to attempt to grasp all within reach, by simply disregarding the law. On the other hand the command for one day's rest had been placed on them, but possibly it could be waived while the azalea continued in blossom.

After much buzzing it was decided that the command to labor was equally as binding as the command to rest, and possibly *six times as binding*, as six times as much *time* had been allotted to it. Then too it was the special mission of bees to present always to all the earth an example of foresight and tireless industry and therefore it was decided to gather all the honey. So out into the open places they flew and spent that beautiful Sabbath Day in gathering honey from the tempting azalea blossoms.

Then God sent a strong wind, which blew all the bees into his presence. He charged them with wilful disobedience of his command to rest on the Sabbath Day. The culprits with conscious guilt, made no defence. So they ceased buzzing, and in courteous silence and with becoming humility awaited the sentence.

God knew that the temptation to labor was very strong within the erring bees, and with Infinite Mercy, He gave them a choice of punishments. He knew that with their industrious instincts, it would be a perpetual punishment for them to be denied the honey-cups of the azalea, so he gave them choice either to gather honey from the wild azalea six days and rest on the Sabbath Day, or else to be permitted to labor on every day without rest, and forever refrain from touching the coveted flowers.

The earth lay robed in the fresh beauty of a young spring, the dew-laden flowers called from every dell, the

impulse of industry was strong within the bees, and so they chose the privilege of working every day, and forswore forever the tempting honey-cups of the wild azalea. Thus it came to pass, that while containing much honey, the wild azalea is never molested by the bees.

The United States in a State of Mind.

In the State of Mass.
There lives a lass
I love to go N. C.
No other Miss
Can e'er, I Wis.,
Be half so dear to Me.
R. I. is blue
And her cheeks the hue
Of shells where waters swash;
On her pink-white phiz
There Nev. Ariz.
The least complexion Wash.
La! could I win
The heart of Minn.,
I'd ask for nothing more.
But I only dream
Upon the theme
And Conn. it o'er and Ore.
Why is it, pray,
I can't Ala.
This love that makes me Ill.?
N. Y., O., Wy.
Kan. Nev. Ver. I
Propose to her my will?
I shun the task
'Twould be to ask
This gentle maid to wed;
And so, to press
My suit, I guess
Alaska Pa. instead.

—*The Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society.*

SKETCHES.

A Visit to the College in 1913.

DEAREST ———: I am sitting in the silence of room No. —. I am seated on the same window seat where we sat ten years ago, and talked and planned of all that the future held in store for us. There is a hush everywhere; the very spirit of tranquility seems to be spreading its gentle wings over the world. I look out and see the white cloud ships go by on the blue waves of the sky. How many, many times in the years of the long ago we freighted them with joyous and happy anticipations.

But I hear you ask in the same old abrupt manner, "Why are you at G. F. C.? What are you doing in Greensboro? And how do you happen to be seated just where you were ten years ago?" Be patient, dear, and you shall know. You have been out of the State for so long, and so many other things have come into your life since 1906, that you haven't kept in touch with the grand and glorious work of our Alumnæ Association.

The dear old College has had to weather many a storm during the past ten years, but she has ridden upon the crest of the wave with undaunted courage, until at last, she rests quietly and peacefully anchored—*for the last dollar of the endowment has been raised*, and many improvements have been made. Yes, indeed, since it was bought by the Alumnæ, the sea of its existence has been "washing new billows against the old embankment," bringing the College nearer and nearer to the shore of its accomplishments. A

decade has passed away, and though we have not reached one of the formally appointed dates for a wedding celebration, yet we have reached one of more than usual interest.

The Conference was to meet in Greensboro this fall, and the friends of the institution thought it would be a good plan to have a re-union of all the "old girls," whether graduates or not; especially, as there were several returned missionaries—some of whom were G. F. C. girls. There was much to do in the way of preparation, and it was thought best to have some of the "old girls" come and assist. I was fortunate enough to be one of the committee. So this accounts for why I am here.

I haven't been to Greensboro since the day I left, in 1906, and oh, the throng of sweet and happy memories that came to me as I walked up the terraced steps to the front door! The afternoon sun was sinking, yet it lent a brightness and glow everywhere. I could easily imagine myself the same home-sick Freshman of 1902, for though I passed numerous girls—not one did I know.

As I told you in the beginning, many improvements have been made, but with the exception that the ivy has covered the entire front of the building, it remains the same. There have been some few additions, but they have been put to the back—I'll come to that later.

Entering the rotunda, I was met by dear Mrs. Robertson. She has not changed; time has been very kind to her. There may, possibly, be a little more of "the snow that never melts" around her temples, but she has the same genial smile. She gave me a cordial welcome, and said that as I was to be one of her girls again, I might have my old room. I only remained in it a short while, and then started out on an exploring expedition. The rotunda and parlors, though not changed, were fitted up

much handsomer than in the old days, but not one whit cosier. The library has been much enlarged, and is one of the most elegant I have ever seen. From the fact that the former library was lost, friends, from the first, took an interest in seeing it re-furnished, until finally Mr. —— opened his heart, and pocket-book as well, and said that he would enlarge the library if some one else would fill it. The many friends of the institution met him on his own ground. So that gives the history of the library.

This covers the first floor. Another friend offered to run it up another story and fit it up for a gymnasium. This has been done, and all that could be desired for athletics is there. On the opposite side another wing has been added—the lower floor fitted up for a music hall. I wish you could see that room; it is enough to make every music-loving soul tingle. The upper floor has been turned over to the societies, and they have furnished these halls exquisitely. The chapel has been enlarged and re-fitted—so have the dormitories. Much money has been spent on the college, and there is the air of quiet elegance and perfect convenience everywhere. At the same time, an "old girl" will feel, as she sees it, that it is her Alma Mater still.

There is one land-mark that has been taken away, and that is, that no longer does the railroad hold sway, for that has all passed away. A pretty rustic bridge spans the little stream connecting the two hills, and the tiny dell has been planted in ferns. I stood on the bridge to-day and, in looking over the campus, it was an easy task to imagine that it was ten years ago. There was the same old tree on the brow of the hill under which we loved to linger; the same place for basket ball—and, yes, it seemed that the same hickory nuts were falling; aud the same old persimmon tree still remains. The terracing of the hill has not removed these old reminders of other days.

I will send you a programme and newspaper reports of the order of exercises; so will not dwell on much of that, for I am sure you want to know the numberless little things that will not interest the general public.

You know I came several days ahead of time. On the day of the re-union, you can very readily guess, there were no laggards in bed that morning—nor did we need an alarm clock; the little sparrows at an early hour chirped "five o'clock, five o'clock," and the city clock had scarcely chimed its "five o'clock" before up went the shades from window to window, and the house was alive.

The library was converted into a veritable fairy land, and the rotunda was its atrium. As we stood upon the steps in the early morning to welcome the first car load of "old girls," the very flowers on all sides were practicing their little bows that they, too, might be ready to give their greeting and add to the "home-coming" of the wanderers.

All day they came in crowds, and when the hour arrived to assemble in a meeting of the Alumnæ Association, there were more than five hundred to answer to the roll call. Dear "Aunt Lucy," with the old time beam of gladness in eye and face, presided over that meeting. I wish I could describe it to you, but I can't. It was worth coming so far to once more have the feeling of the rest and peace that came to me as I gazed into the gentle calmness of her face.

The invocation was given by Mrs. Robertson. The address was a beautiful tribute to the Alumnæ of G. F. C., followed by an appreciative estimate of its purpose, peculiarities and work—and closed with an inspiring valuation of the Methodist women of North Carolina and their opportunities. What a grand woman she is, and how her "old girls" crowded around her and laid their honors at her feet! It was agreed upon by all, that the period which

has been marked by her Presidency, has been most brilliant. Those of us, who were under her care, have ever counted it a privilege to have known her and to have been under her charge. As I look back upon the four years of my college life and my personal contact with her, I believe that I can answer for the class when I say, as the *woman* she is dearest. Since I have been here and thought over the past and talked with other old pupils, certain qualities of her character stand out more and more clearly. In her innate refinement, her courteous calmness, she has ever maintained her own high standard. But best of all, I remember, is the high, womanly character of her ideals.

It was interesting to hear from some of the first classes down to the present class.

The Alumnæ furnished the music, just as it was played in their own time. How sweet! how tender it all was! Post graduates, graduates and under graduates all met and talked of past, present and future.

The banquet was beautiful. The general color scheme was green and white. As far as possible, each class filled one table. When there were only two or three members, a number were put together with the college colors. There were ten of us, so we had a table to ourselves. And as you are more interested in that, I will give you a general outline. Of course red and white were carried out in the decorations and garnishings. At every corner, was a bunch of red carnations, tied with a bow of bright red satin ribbon. The place cards had painted carnations. On the tables were candles burning under red shades, a center piece of brilliant carnations with maiden hair ferns—the corner vases of fern alone. I have already taken up too much time—so you will have to imagine the menu. The room was a bower of loveliness, but the most decorative of all, were the faces that G. F. C. had not seen for many years.

It is all over now and to-morrow I am to say good-bye once more to the dear old College. I am tired to-night and out of my weariness came the question, "has it paid to have so much trouble," but I put the thought aside. We have come in touch again with our Alma Mater, and go forth with glad and enthusiastic hearts, thankful for all, that the Methodists of North Carolina have done, and *will do*, for education and Christian womanhood.

Have I wearied you? No, no, I do not believe so. I hope to see you soon and then I will tell you more of the actual good resulting from this reunion of the "old girls."

Good-bye, Lovingly, ———

A Happy Thanksgiving.

A. W. '06.

AS MRS. BELL sat before the kitchen hearth, in her humble home one chilly night in early November, she drew her torn and thread-bare shawl which had served her many winters around her shoulders and shivered. The embers had ceased to burn and everything had the appearance of desolation. Even the flame of the candle on the bare table flickered and then went out—still the woman sat in silence. A tear rolled down her cheek which she hastily brushed away. She was thinking of the little bit of coal and provisions she had stored up for the winter; of the new dress with which she had intended to surprise Maggie, on her birthday; and Thanksgiving was so near too—she didn't care for herself, she said, but Maggie, and Tom, dear children, how disappointed they would be. She would at least try to have a small turkey and perhaps a mince pie.

Now, Mrs. Bell was naturally a cheerful little body, so she arose, lighted her candle, and decided to leave unpleasant thoughts and go to bed. And as she kneeled by her bedside to lift her voice in prayer she ended it with: "Dear Father, thou canst do all things, so I will leave it with thee," and so saying she went to peaceful slumbers.

The next morning by eight o'clock the family had eaten their breakfast and Maggie and Tom had gone to the factory, where they worked.

All the morning Mrs. Bell busied herself with the many duties of her household and oft-times she caught herself humming snatches of songs she had learned in her girlhood, and gentle smiles played around her mouth.

"I can't tell for the life of me why I am so happy to-day; it must be that I am going to hear some good news, at any rate, I hope so, for times are hard," she said.

Hardly had she uttered these words, when Maggie and Tom rushed into the room, crying in one voice:

"Mother, mother, here is a letter for you from Uncle Herbert." And Tom added, "perhaps he is coming to see us."

Grasping the welcome letter in nervous haste the mother tore it open and something rolled out—what was it? Oh nothing—but now what was that so neatly folded in the paper? Why a real piece of paper money, as fresh and crisp as though it had just been made.

"How much is it?" cried Maggie. "One hundred dollars," said Mrs. Bell. "One hundred dollars," she repeated very slowly, and added in a whisper, "I knew He would find a way." "And now let us see what Uncle Herbert says," said Maggie unfolding the letter and reading in clear tones:

C'— Australia, Oct. 5, 19—

MY DEAR SISTER-IN-LAW :

Enclosed find $100 for you and the children—will be with you Thanksgiving, Hurriedly,

HERBERT BELL.

Meanwhile, Tom and Maggie were dancing around the room and speaking in excited voices. "Well children, don't let us waste time, but set to work and make this the happiest Thanksgiving we ever spent," said their mother. So the hundred dollars was converted into notes of smaller denominations, ten of which were stored away in the bottom of the little brown trunk in the attic. And the other was replaced by coal, flannels, a new shawl for mother, a dress for Maggie, and a Sunday coat for Tom. Also, spices, pumpkins, raisins and such things as remind one of Thanksgiving, and so the preparations went on.

It was the evening before the great day and Mrs. Bell stopped only long enough in her well-stocked pantry to smile upon six beautiful, nicely browned pumpkin pies, and to see if the jelly was firm. Then she went into the dining room and sat down with Maggie before the cheerful fire, to await the arrival of Tom with Uncle Herbert.

They were not kept waiting long, for soon the sound of sleigh bells was heard and Uncle Herbert was with them.

The next day was one long to be remembered and they all, especially Uncle Herbert, did full justice, not to the little, but to the *large* turkey and bountifully supplied table, and I almost forgot to tell you that Maggie and Tom had several of their poor factory friends to dine with them.

That evening as the happy party sat around the fireplace roasting chestnuts, Uncle Herbert told them of the adventures and good fortunes of his life in Australia and concluded by saying, "Well Sara, I have come back to you all, and as long as I have one dollar of my ample fortune, neither you nor your children shall want again."

What's in a Name.

WHEN Emily came home from the *Rawley* Fair, in the *Knight* she rode through the intricate *Maizes* between the station and the college on a fine, *Grace*ful *Rone*, when she crossed the *Brook* at the foot of the *Hill* she thought she saw a roaring *Lyon*, but it proved to be something more on the order of the wooden horse of *Troy*. When she had passed the *Field* where the *Barnes* are she became *Cole* and dismounting became a *Walker*. She stopped at the shops of the *Smiths* but they made it hot for her, as they always do, so she didn't stay *Long*. Before she reached the college she met the *Baker*, *Ann* she was the only one who ever came that way, when she finally walked into the *Hall* she was met by the *Page* and *Porter*. They led her up-stairs to the *Stewart* who gave a *Chaffin* (dish) party in her honor. They had a *Fry* of *Fish* and *Hogg*, for supper and the conversation seemed to *Flow* very smoothly. Some one asked her who put the wreath of *Myrtles* on her head and although she was a senior she wasn't well versed in *English* for she replied that she didn't know who *Dunn* it, but it was a badge of her Royall(ty). When she had finished her repast she sat down by the *Davenport* and wrote a love letter to Bill *Bailey*. This made her roommate *Fuller* of anger than she had ever seen her before, but our *Young Gibson* girl was not a *Craven* and immediately threw down *le Gant* notwithstanding the *Bond* that was between them.

ROUND TABLE

Miss Sholl's "The Law of Life" deals with the problem of co-education, from the point of view, it would seem, of the Faculty, and contains some rather staggering evidence against the system, if taken seriously.

The picture which Miss Sholl draws of life at a co-educational University seems essentially untrue.

The boys and the girls who go to college are too young and too healthy to be over-much interested in each other. Indifference is the most characteristic feature of their attitude. They have come for a purpose, over-mastering with some, strong enough with the majority, to make them subordinate everything else to the main business of study. But this book makes the college year an endless succession of receptions and dances, one, and the whole object of, life to have a good time. But we want happiness for ourselves and friends and this book is an exposition of the "gospel of dying." But so is life, and though we question the faithfulness of some of the book's details, we must confess that it is true to this the supreme law of life.

As a city of inspiration New York has never before been presented in fiction, but Mr. Howells in his forth-coming book, "Letters Home," has presented the dreadful solidarity of New York and got at "the better element," as it diffidently calls itself.

His attitude is that of one who merely knows; and he has voiced in his own genial and lucid way, the blind instinct of love on the part of many who never stop to

question. Mr. Howells lifts us up and onward by his perception of New Yorkers that "their dream is so sordid but they are not always so sordid as their dream." Of course there is a love story; just a slender linking together of every-day episodes and interests. But as in all his works, it is the artistry of the setting that is so exquisite.

Miss Alice Brown's book, "Judgement" is hardly more than a "novelette," yet in length, its dignity of purpose and grasp of a vital situation, at once, rank it among the slim array of serious contemporary novels. And there can be no sounder theme for fiction than the present manifestation of an eternal human problem. To-day, the characteristic manifestation of this problem lies in the attitude of women towards husbands, whom they love, and who represent every principle which to them is most abhorrent.

The heroine and wife of the story, Helen Markham, lives on a plane of mystical exultation, in a transport of spiritual expiation for the hurts inflicted by an honorable, unyielding man, whom she never ceases to love. There is flavour as well as pace in Miss Brown's style. She has the faculty of ending each chapter with that peculiar quip which whets ones relish for the next.

To those who have followed the literary work of Mr. Jack London, the success of his "Call of The Wild," offers a delightful opportunity to say, "I told you so." In this title he has found a subject to catch the public fancy and it is to be hoped to direct the public's attention to much good work which has been more or less overlooked. The "Call of the Wild" which is a dog story, is not an attempt to ascribe a human view-point to a dog, but an attempt to interpret the dog point of view to men.

THE COLLEGE MESSAGE.

GREENSBORO, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1903.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

The MESSAGE will be published about the 15th of October, November, and January, and the 15th of February, April and May. All material must be handed in by the 1st of the month of publication.

Advertising rates made known on application. All advertisements are due after first insertion.

EMMA RENN, BESS TRANSOU, } Business Managers.

CHIEF EDITORS.

MARY EDLA SMITH ..... IRVING SOCIETY
MAXIE SMITH ..... EMERSON SOCIETY

MANAGERS.

ROUND TABLE ..... MARGARET BARNES
ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT ..... JANIE STEWART
LOCAL DEPARTMENT ..... ANNIE WILSON, CELIA WINSLOW
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT ..... ANNIE JOHNSON
Y. W. C. A. NOTES ..... ELLEN THOMPSON

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Perhaps we owe our readers an apology for the late appearance of the October issue of THE MESSAGE, but, oh! the trials of an editor are many and the fates are ever against us, but more *powerful* against our printers who are endeavoring with many *strikes* to keep pace with the moving world, however, we hope this 20th century will inspire them to more rapid means of issuing College Magazines and that this issue will be *strictly on time.*

We are glad to note so much interest in atheletics—so much more than during any previous year.

The Atheletic Association has been organized with forty-

eight members, while the following are officers: President, Grace Rone; Vice-President, Emma Willis; Secretary, Margaret Barnes; Treasurer, Jane Stewart; Business Manager, Bess Transou. And with these well selected officers who are so enthusiastic on the subject of Atheletics, we are sure that this new organization will meet with much success.

Class spirit is now running high on the question of basket ball, while some less anxiety is shown in tennis, fencing, base ball, etc., as no class teams engage in the latter and no trophy cup is awarded to the champion.

As said before, we are glad to see that the girls are developing physically, as well as mentally, and under the leadership of Miss Shattuck, our efficient physical culture director, who has aroused so much interest in out-of-door sports, we sincerely hope that each girl will engage in some form of Atheletics, that she may be physically developed.

If she would have a sound mind in a sound body, let her leave *grades* for a while and spend an hour in the open air, and she will find by the renewed activities of both mind and body, that instead of loss there has been a double gain.

Girls, if you want to be honorably dealt with, patronize those business houses who advertise in the MESSAGE. They represent the best firms in Greensboro. And it is your duty, if interested in the welfare of the College, to patronize those who patronize you.

Besides, other business firms do not want your trade; they have enough without it, and we hope from this time on *every student will read* our advertisements and see who the real business men are, and if you will buy of them we will guarantee you will always be fairly treated.

In making a study of the fiction that appears from month to month in the college magazines, we find that most of the stories are of an inferior order—not worth, in fact, the time it takes to read them. There must be trouble at some vital point, for it cannot be that in many of the schools, that our exchanges represent, there is no one who is capable of writing a readable story. Probably a part of this trouble results from the fact that the majority of our college students have an idea that a story is not a story unless it is a love story. Now, love is the greatest gift of God, but possibly the difficulty is, that the writer is not very conversant with the subject. How many college students are capable of handling a real love story? Generally, they are lacking in the necessary experience (for one cannot write well upon any subject of which he is ignorant.) Even supposing the writer thinks there has been an experience, that "love's young dream" not only represents every tone in the gamut, but that every major and minor chord has been mastered, like Tennyson's birdies—"let them rest a little longer 'till the little wings are stronger." One word to would-be story writers: an amusing adventure, or a single incident, well written, is far more worthy of the pages of our college magazines than a heavy, problematic love story too deep for any inexperienced writer.

As THE MESSAGE advances into another years history, we are sorry to notice the same *weakness* of former years and one which is the greatest hindrance to any college magazine and that is—lack of loyalty and support given by the student body.

THE MESSAGE is published by the Literary Societies, hence, each society elects its chief editor and in so doing, it is an understood fact among the members, that they

have conferred upon the girl elected, an extraordinary honor and the greatest of pleasures, at the same time, assured that the fortunate recipient is not doing her duty unless furnishing each issue with contributions from her own pen besides seeing that each department is filled.

Can we not impress upon the minds of our girls that THE MESSAGE is *their own* magazine and that it lies within their power to make it just such a magazine that each Alumna, each student and each person interested in what G. F. C. does, should be rightly proud.

That old familiar saying, "United we stand; divided we fall," comes to us at the present time still revealing its great and important truth. What can an editorial staff accomplish, when the majority of the students are not at all interested in what they are doing, and who never think of their magazine, except when it comes from the printer and then ever willing, anxious, and ready to offer the most harsh criticisms.

It is a well settled fact that a college magazine is the most unappreciated, severely criticised phase of college work, and *fully* realizing this and ever striving to meet the grave responsibilities which rest upon us, we do earnestly plead that the students become aroused, realize their responsibility also and support THE MESSAGE in every way possible.

We want that interest that counts for success, viz; subscriptions and contributions.

That student who is not loyal to her college, we fear, will fall short of some grave responsibilities which will face her in after life, while the student who gives love and loyalty to her college, will work for it proportionately and will aid in supporting each of her undertakings, therefore she will not only subscribe but contribute, and in various ways endeavor to crown this years publication with much success.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

We are very sorry that we have to omit the larger and more interesting part of the Alumnæ department for this issue, but owing to some unknown cause, promised letters from several of the Alumnæ failed to reach us.

There is no department which is more important and it is needless to say that we are more than sorry that our beloved Alumnæ should be deprived of enjoying the ever interesting letters from classmates in the November issue. However, we earnestly hope that this will not be the misfortune again, and greatly desire that *many*, *many* letters will be received for the next issue.

If any Alumnæ has any contributions whatever, we hope she will not hesitate in sending it, for we will appreciate it much and gladly publish it.

There is to be found in the Literary Department an article by Mrs. Sallie Southall Cotten, '63, "The Legend of the Wild Azalea," which is very bright and interesting and will be especially interesting to every G. F. C. girl, all of whom are proud of their sister Alumna who has done so much in the literary world and so much to reflect honor on the Alma Mater.

She has given us many contributions for THE MESSAGE and we appreciate her valuable aid so much. She has aided in re-establishing our library and in fact her loyalty and interest has been an inspiration to us.

Let her example of love and loyalty be an impetus to every G. F. girl of the present day. Below we publish a letter from her :

DEAR MESSAGE:—The October MESSAGE has come, and the sight of it brings a glow of pleasure to my heart. It bears testimony to the unflagging courage of those who are co-workers with the Alumnæ, and proves that while the college is old enough in good works to command our reverence, she yet shows the vitality of youth, and seems to renew her vigor in a mysterious way in every dark hour.

The new cover, in college colors, (green and white) excites my enthusiastic admiration. It is so simple and yet so expressive. Pictures should always mean something and this cover fills this requirement in a distinctively individual way. The dear old college with its radiation of light looks as dignified and serene as if no attempt had been made to bury her alive, and with avenue and door both open placidly invites all to partake of her fullness. Then the flags with "G. F. C." on them flying so bravely are indictive of the courage and devotion which saved the college from an untimely grave. The girl in front with her face turned toward the future, is no doubt a Senior and looks triumphant, but my heart goes out to the other girl, who, with loving eyes turned toward to the college, is waving *two flags*, one in each hand, and seems the embodiment of energy and enthusiasm. The design is artistic, unique, and appropriate and will please all.

I also find much of interest in the readiug matter. I was interested to know the real number of graduates who have gone forth from the college. Nine hundred and forty eight is a goodly number of sisters, and the number will continue to grow. I prophesy that something pleasant will happen to the girl who receives the *one thousandth* diploma awarded by G. F. C. Just wait five years and see if my prophecy comes true, and if I am living I will come and see that something worthy of the thousandth name shall befall that girl.

We have all been sorely grieved at the sad misfortune which threatened our loved Alma Mater but let us not look too much upon the past. The threatened calamity did *not* fall, and let us rejoice in the new life infused into the college, and all join hands in the effort to make the new life long and successful. Cordially,

SALLIE SOUTHALL COTTEN, 1863.

MARRIAGES:—Miss Lola Carryway to Mr. John Michaux, at West Market Street Church, Greensboro, N. C., October 21.

Miss Kate Gainey to Mr. T. C. Bailey, at her home in Sherwood, N. C., on October 21.

Miss Minnie Eloise Clark, at Main Street Methodist Church. Riedsville, N. C., to Mr. James S. Turner, November 11.

Miss Mary Baker to Mr. Sherrod Salisbury, in Hamilton, N. C., November 11, 1903.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

Basket Ball !
Re-union ! !
Fair ! ! !

A series of games is now being played by the Basket Ball teams in order to decide what class teams will play on Thanksgiving Day. As yet, two games have been played, one between Juniors and Sophomores, which ended with the score of 8-6 in favor of the Sophomores. The next game was between the Juniors and Freshmen, with score of 9-10 in the Juniors' favor.

Ask Emeline what she means by saying that Grace is under a "mis-impression."

Why is it that certain members of the Senior and Junior classes are so busy?

The entire school attended the re-union at the Guilford Battle Ground on Tuesday of fair week. Every one had a pleasant day. Those who were fortunate enough to secure seats near the speakers enjoyed the addresses—given by former residents of the State.

Within the last few weeks we have been glad to have with us Misses Fannie Cutler, Newberne; Minnie Walker, Durham; Tempie Whitehead, Rocky Mount, and Lena Grimes, Lexington. These young ladies are former students, and it did us good to see how glad they were to get back to G. F. C., and it deserves this enthusiastic love of her daughters.

Miss Irene Pegram, Durham, visited her sister, Miss Annie Pegram, during the week of the Re-union and Fair.

Miss Davis: "Who was Jacob's wife?"
Janie: "Rebecca."

Miss Jennie Bitting and Genie Gwynne, Mt. Airy, N. C., spent Fair week with Miss Annie Gwynne. They made many friends while here, and we hope to see them again.

Miss Leila Suttle, Shelby, N. C., spent the night with Miss Emily Neal, a short time since, on her way from the Raleigh Fair.

On Monday night of fair week there was a Music and Elocution Recital given in the college chapel, in honor of the Alumnæ and the visitors in general. There were pretty and appropriate decorations, suitable to the occasion. Prof. Parker and his able assistant are too well known to need any word of commendation. This was Miss Shattuck's first appearance before a Greensboro audience. The round of applause which greeted her as she came forward to give her second number, gave evidence of the appreciation which the audience had for her rare and cultured talent. We give programme below:

QUARTET—"Fest Overture."..... *Reinecke.*
MISSES NINA TROY, KATE BLANCHARD, ANNIE WILSON, ELSIE BARBEE,

DUET—Flow Gently Deva."..... *Parry.*
MR. PARKER AND MR. WHITE.

READING—Merchant of Venice.
Act I.—Scene 2.
Act III.—Scene 2.
MISS BLANCHE ETTA SHATTUCK.

SOLO—"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind."..... *Sargent.*
MR. WHITE.

DUO—"Capriccio Brilliant." Op. 22..... *Mendelsohn.*
MISS BLALOCK and MISS BALSLEY.

SOLO—"For All Eternity."..... *Mascheroni.*
MISS HALL.

READING—Audrey—Act 1V..... *Mary Johnston.*
MISS BLANCHE ETTA SHATTUCK.

DUET—"Night."..... *Millilotte.*
MRS. W. H. STONE and MR. PARKER.

At the close several of our visitors gave short, witty and enthusiastic talks.

Governor Aycock was the first to speak. He said that if the Methodists of the State allowed the doors of G. F. College to be closed, he wished no longer to be called "The Educational Governor of North Carolina."

Gen. J. S. Carr said, that not only should the doors of the college not be closed, but that it should and would have a handsome endowment, and that it was the duty of every Methodist in the State to contribute to it, for it was theirs.

Mr. Josephus Daniels spoke very forcibly of how the Methodist women had saved the college, and that they should receive the encouragement due them, for the work must go on.

He was followed by Dr. Adkins, of Nashville, Tenn., who spoke very feelingly of the sorrow it gave to the friends outside of the State when they heard that the college was closed; and then of the joy he had when he knew that, through the heroic efforts of its Alumnæ it had been saved. That notwithstanding the fact that there were fearful odds against them, the school opened with nearly its usual number—and that that fact alone, should give every encouragement to push forward the work.

Dr. Byrd, of Atlanta, made our hearts bound with joy when he said that the influence of the college had not been felt in North Carolina alone, but that it had gone beyond the border line. That there were many who looked lovingly upon the work of the college, and that they, too, wanted to add their voices to the song of victory and bid it God speed.

Mr. Arnold, the last speaker, gave an expression of the grief felt by every man of education in North Carolina, and especially in Greensboro, when they heard that it was necessary to give up the work of this institution, which

had stood for the best in all things, since its beginning. That in Greensboro the news came like a grievous shock; they felt as though some loved one had gone from among them, henceforth to be only a remembrance. It was, therefore, not surprising that the possibility of re-opening the school should first be suggested by the Greensboro women; and now, it was with more than usual pride in the college, they saw not only the good work was still going on, but that there was now the dawn of a still more glorious future.

Miss Blalock's table enjoyed succulent bivalves on the night of the thirtieth, and extended their heartiest thanks to Miss Marie Kramer for the treat.

We are very much indebted to our excellent Bible teacher, Miss Page, for the comfortable and attractive way with which she has furnished the Bible recitation room. Miss Page, in introducing this new department, has had an especially warm welcome, and to apply a school girl expression, "All the girls are in love with her."

"Night of veriest wonders seen
Is the eve of Hallowe'en—
Then things befall too dear to doubt,
For all the fairy world is out—
And, in the dusk or moonlight clear,
Miracles once more appear.

Kobold, elfin, pixy, sprite,
Flock to celebrate this night;
Pranks they play with nuts and yarn—
And from the garden, field, and barn,
Masked they come, keen tricks to try,
With fortune telling rivalry."

Saturday evening, October 31st, 1803, will long be remembered by the G. F. C. girls with much pleasure. For several days previous, we knew that something out of the regular order was to take place, but to our repeated ques-

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